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party; and 353, or 24.7 per cent., have been Independents. This goes to show that the believers in the party of free trade are outnumbered in the proportion of two to one. Such statistics show a remarkable lack of that "natural result of education" which our Democratic friends think we propose to counteract by our Republican Club. It is a popular impression that a vote of these same men taken several years after graduation would show still less of that heretical disloyalty to the Republican party which they would have us believe is the inevitable effect of education. Unfortunately I have no record of such a nature; but if it is fair to judge of the politics of Harvard alumni from the politics of those of them who have held prominent offices, the result would be still more satisfactory to us. For a careful examination of the roll of Harvard alumni shows that of 153 graduates who have held high office in the State and National Governments, 114 may fairly be classed as believers in the principles of the Republican party, and 39 in those of the Democratic party.

Below is a summary of offices held by Harvard graduates from 1789 to 1891. Some have held office more than once:

	Repub- lican.	Democ- ratic.		Repub- lican.	Democ- ratic.
President of the U. S.	2	0	U. S. Senators.....	23	6
Vice-President of the U. S.	1	1	Congressmen.....	77	27
Cabinet Officers.....	10	5	Governors.....	13	6
Foreign Ministers.....	14	6	Total.....	140	51

Summary, 1856-1891:

	Repub- lican.	Democ- ratic.		Repub- lican.	Democ- ratic.
Cabinet Officers.....	4	2	Congressmen.....	18	8
Ministers.....	10	1	Governors.....	5	1
U. S. Senators.....	4	1	Total.....	39	13

The last objection that I notice to the enlistment of college men in the ranks of the Republican party is that on account of their youth. Our Democratic friends characterize it as an attempt to "rob the cradle"! Such a criticism lacks none of the humor of sarcasm, coming as it does from a party whose recent success in Massachusetts is due to leaders whose youth has evidently been no serious disqualification. The jewel of consistency does not seem to glitter in the crown of the young Democracy. In answer one need only point to two of Harvard's youngest alumni, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and the Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge.

JOHN LOCKWOOD DODGE,
President of the Harvard Republican Club.

THE DECADENCE OF DICKENS.

MISS THACKERAY, in that indolently charming work of hers, "A Book of Sibyls," tells how a luncheon party of six, in one of the suburbs of London—"Old Kensington," it may be conjectured—talked about Jane Austen one day, and how every member of the company, save a French gentleman who knew not English, understood a chance allusion to Selina and Maple Grove. Without insisting upon Selina to the possible mortification of any readers, except to inform the uninitiated that, like Mrs. Harris and Anthony White, she was heard of but never seen, I venture to doubt whether the author of

the most famous of these three unseen characters would be found equally familiar to a company of six well-read persons under the age of thirty-five. I speak by the card, for the elaborate new edition of Dickens, with prefaces, and the recent revivals at American theatres of plays founded upon the novels, have re-stimulated discussion of the great writer whose fame was noisier than that of any other English novelist since Walter Scott. And the other evening "at a little dinner, not more than the muses, with all the guests clever"—or moderately clever—"and some of them pretty,"—a condition of things which, according to the late Lord Beaconsfield, "offers human life and human nature under very favorable circumstances"—at a little dinner such as this, transacted in a town whose culture has acquired the triteness of a proverb, and by persons of whom none had reached the age of thirty-five, the subject of Dickens' novels was very thoroughly discussed. Two of the company, a man and a woman whose researches in literature had carried them more into the domain of French than of English fiction, owned to never having read one of the series. Everybody else, however, had read at least "David Copperfield," "The Pickwick Papers," "Dombey and Son," and portions of the Christmas books; but this experience had come to most of them in childhood; they had not refreshed their recollections, and they betrayed little or no consciousness of the details, either humorous or pathetic, of the volumes named. One *femme de trente ans* showed a better knowledge of a number of the novels, including "Our Mutual Friend," "Bleak House," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," but this lady was in the condition of mind most hopeless to the true lover of Dickens of regarding "A Tale of Two Cities" as his masterpiece.

Not to be tedious in reporting the shortcomings of a worshipful company, by no means without accomplishments of their own, it is interesting to record (interesting is a word much used in their town) that the consideration of Dickens at last narrowed itself down to "Dombey and Son," apropos of a new adaptation which had lately been seen on the stage by several of the diners. This novel was then accepted as a test, and a man whose dreadful business it is to know all novels past and present, and to keep his weather eye out for those to come, drew up the following examination-paper after the ladies had left the table, and when the friends—for they are friends—had reassembled, they addressed themselves with some zeal and a good deal of humor to the revelation of one another's ignorance in this little game of ten questions:—

1. How many times, by actual computation, does Joey B. announce himself as "de-vilish sly?"
2. Give a brief description of Mrs. Pipchin.
3. On what occasion did Mrs. Blimber declare that if she "could have known Cicero, and been his friend, and talked with him in his retirement at Tusculum (beau-ti ful Tusculum!)", she "could have died contented?"
4. Who suggested to the first Mrs. Dombey that she should "make an effort?"
5. What were the last words of little Paul?
6. Comment on (a) "Cleopatra," giving her real name; (b) Biler, giving his mother's assumed name; (c) The Wooden Midshipman.
7. Characterize the Game Chicken and the Tutbury Pet.
8. Analyze the effect of one or both on the career of Mr. Toots.
9. State the relationship (if any) between Toots and the Toodles.
10. Have you anything to say of the Nobby Shropshire One?

"State the relationship, if any, between the novels of Charles Dickens and real life," was proposed by the man-whose-business-it-is-to-know, as an alternative tenth question for pupils who had answered the preceding nine

questions successfully; but as only one pupil—a man—passed *cum laude*, and as even he planted himself firmly on the end of the century, and refused to consider for a moment such a proposition as the possible reality of Dickens, his unreality was tacitly admitted. Yet this tentative little examination-paper showed at least the unwieldiness, the prodigality, which belongs only to genius, the grotesque humor, and lastly and chiefly the wealth of minor characters even in one of the less good of Dickens's novels. For of all the persons and personages of "Dombey and Son" named therein—and the same might be said of more than twice as many more—not one, with the single exception of Toots, is to be found in Mr. Rose's dramatization of the novel.

It would be too hasty and too empirical to base on the true story of the defeated dinner-party the conclusion that the author of "Pickwick" is not read by the more cultivated younger people of to-day, but other straws are not lacking to show the direction of the wind. Mr. Howells frankly declares that Dickens is antiquated and impossible; and the other day an undergraduate of Harvard, on being asked whether he had read "Pendennis," answered in absolute good faith: "No, I haven't read any of Dickens yet, but I mean to." Mr. Howells ought to bestow a realistic, not to say a real, medal on a young scholar who could thus, in one direct, two-edged sentence, give the cut direct to both Thackeray and Dickens. Jane, the present writer is credibly informed by this same Harvard junior—who, however, does not trouble himself more with "Emma" or "Pride and Prejudice" than with "Pendennis," but dotes instead on Rider Haggard—Jane triumphs over Dickens at Cambridge; and the whirligig of time brings in Miss Jenkyns's revenge. Her last years, as we all know, were embittered by Captain Brown's insane enthusiasm for young Mr. Dickens, then just coming into vogue, and by his preference for the interloper in literature over Dr. Johnson, whose "Rambler" was Miss Jenkyns's model of light reading. The Doctor and Mr. Boz are more evenly matched in these days, and the autocrat of Cranford, though she might not find the "Rambler" enjoying all the vogue to be desired, would rejoice in seeing "an elegant female" and a contemporary of her own hold the field against Captain Brown's upstart favorite at the most renowned seats of learning.

One other bit of testimony is worth record as a curiosity of literature. A man who teaches an humble branch of learning in the most admirable and successful of schools was instigated by the man-whose-business-it-is-to-know to inquire, on meeting his classes again after Easter, which of them enjoyed the acquaintance of Mrs. Blimber. She was unknown to each and all of thirty or more intelligent pupils, and not a ray of consciousness lighted any face when the teacher said: "Young ladies, let us resume our studies." It is scarcely probable that young gentlemen would have known better. The walls of the Tusculan villa are tottering, and there is but one hope for it, for Cicero, and for the accomplished consort of Dr. Blimber. This is the hope that Dickens may be made a fad. Thousands of people of docile tastes are now pretending to care for Miss Austen, and making the pretence plausible by a painful study of her works, simply because she is a fashion if not quite the fashion. The worthy Archdeacon Farrar, who is nothing if not literary, started the Browning boom on this continent. Will not another Captain Brown arise and boom Mr. Boz? If he will not, we may soon find in volumes of "extracts" and "selections" all that the public cares to know of Charles Dickens. And Gamp and Frig, Swiveller and the Marchioness, poor Jo and little Paul, Mr. Pickwick and

Sam Weller and David Copperfield, will appear in a detached fashion side by side with my Uncle Toby and Corporal Lefevre, poor Maria, and the starling that couldn't get out, while "Martin Chuzzlewit," "The Pickwick Papers," and "The Old Curiosity Shop," move slowly but surely towards the oblivion that has long since swallowed up "Tristram Shandy" and "A Sentimental Journey,"—the oblivion of books which no gentleman's library should be without. Whether Dickens's place in those shadowy ranks is as secure as Sterne's it is too soon to predict.

CHARLES TOWNSEND COPELAND.

WOMEN AS HUMAN BEINGS.

PEOPLE who recollect the woman's rights conventions of forty years ago have not forgotten how often the rallying-cry of these was "The Divine Right of Woman to Possess Herself."

To-day she is in full and undisputed possession of the coveted object. For good or for evil her individuality is her own. If ignorance or prejudice peeps or mutters from the dust, the remonstrance is as little heeded by her in her stately march as the chirp of a cricket or the writhing of a maimed beetle.

In this new day—the era of the coming woman, and of the woman who has come—due praise has not been awarded to the magnanimity of the men through whose graceful renunciation of preconceived ideas we have entered into the kingdom which was once held as exclusively theirs. Every door at which we have knocked has been unbolted, and courtesy that honors our common humanity has awaited us upon the threshold. More men are, in this year of Our Lord, 1892, willing to share the responsibility of suffrage with women than there are women who are willing and ready to accept the franchise. Protest against and jeremiads over the wrongs of women in the last decade of our century may rank with the tears shed by Mark Twain at the tomb of Adam. To the impartial observer, organization for armed defence against renewed tyranny would seem as senseless as Ku-Klux meetings in rural Delaware or Massachusetts.

Opposed to this array of evidence that the war is over, we have the fact that never before in the history of woman's emancipation, or of the world, have associations for the advancement of the sex—as *such*—been so rife as now. Women's corporations for every conceivable purpose—commercial, educational, religious, social, philanthropic—increase and prevail until they threaten to cover the face of the earth. We asked of man oneness and equality, and he gave it—for room to work at his side and upon his level, and he kept not back. Instead of falling into step with him, we strain ingenuity to demonstrate our unlikeness to him, and we accentuate the accident of sex until we make sex into a species. That our big brother, in surveying all this, is not betrayed into wicked gibes in the which Jeshurun might come well to the front, is referable to fear, to amazement—or to the finer attribute mentioned just now.

Our admitted claim that there is no sex in intellect is vitiated by our insistence upon feminine achievements in the realm of science and art as phenomenal. When a woman paints a picture, or sings a song, or plants an orange-grove, or opens a haberdashery, or endows a professorship, the act